

THE DEVIL DON'T RIDE ON MY WAGON ANYMORE

I

I'LL SING ABOUT A CITY I HOPE SOMEDAY TO SEE
THE LORD PREPARED IT FOR ALL THE PURE AND FREE
AND THEN I GOT TO THINKING HOW CAN I ENTER IN
AND THEN A SMALL VOICE WHISPERED YOU MUST BE BORNED AGAIN

CHORUS

THE DEVIL DON'T RIDE ON MY WAGON ANYMORE
ALTHOUGH HE'S A HITCHHIKER AND HE TRIES IT O'ER AND O'ER
I GET HIM BY THE COLLAR AND I DRAG HIM ON THE FLOOR
SO THE DEVIL DON'T RIDE ON MY WAGON ANYMORE

II

NOW JESUS REALLY SAVED ME OF THIS I HAVE NO DOUBT
BUT THE OLD MAN KEPT POPPING UP AND I HAD TO GET HIM OUT
THE LORD SAID CRUCIFY HIM I SAID GO RIGHT AHEAD
AND LET ME TELL YOU ALL RIGHT NOW THE OLD MAN IS DEAD

HE COMES ALONG WITH STICKS AND STONES AND TRIES TO CLOG MY WHEELS
WHEN PEOPLE TALK ABOUT ME HE SAYS HOW BAD YOU FEEL
BUT PRAISE THE LORD HE CAN'T HURT ME THERE'S A HEDGE STILL 'ROUND ABOUT
AND YOU JUST WATCH HOW MAD HE GETS WHEN I SING, PRAY, AND SHOUT

III

THE HOLY GHOST STOOD BY ME I'M HAPPY NOW TO SAY
I HAD TO GET MY TEMPLE CLEAN BEFORE HE CAME TO STAY
NOW I CAN JUST SIT BACK AND FEAST ON MANNA EVERYDAY
FOR I AM HIS AND HE IS MINE AND I WALK THE NARROW WAY

AND WHEN I GET TO HEAVEN UP IN THAT GLORYLAND
I KNOW UP THERE I'LL SING AND SHOUT AND WITH AN ANGEL BAND
I KNOW I'LL MEET MY SAVIOR HIS BLESSED FACE I'LL SEE
WHY SHOULD I LET THE DEVIL RIDE AROUND WITH ME